NUMB. CXLIV.

The SPECTATOR.

——Nôris quam elegans formarum
Spectator ſiem. Ter.

Wedneſday, Auguſt 15. 1711.

BEAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever ſince it began. The Philoſophers have felt its Influence ſo ſenſibly, that almoſt every one of them has left ſomething or other, which intimated that he knew the Power of it. One has told us, a graceful Perſon is a more powerful Recommendation, than the beſt Letter that can be writ in her Favour. Another deſires the Poſſeſſor of it to conſider it as a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Acquiſition of his own. A Third calls it a ſhort liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth, a ſilent Fraud, becauſe it imperceptibly deceives us without the help of Language; but, I think, *Carneades* ſpoke as much like a Philoſopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he called it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed to be denied, that there is ſomething irreſiſtible in a beautiful Form; the moſt Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Præpoſſeſſion in favour of the Handſome. No one denies them the Privilege of being firſt heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Conſideration. But at the ſame time the Handſome ſhould conſider that this is a Poſſeſſion, as it were, foreign to them. No Man can give it himſelf, or preſerve it when they have it. Yet ſo it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Conſolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man will but attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handſome People uſually are ſo Phantaſtically pleas'd with themſelves, that if they do not kill at firſt Sight, as they uſually do, a ſecond Interview diſarms them of all their Power. But I ſhall make this Paper rather a Warning-piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propoſe Inſtructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handſome People ſhall be the Subject of another Chapter, the Plain ſhall take up the preſent Diſcourſe.

Amoret, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extreamly improved with the Arts of Good-breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not loſt the leaſt Native Simplicity of her Aſpect, to ſubſtitute that Patience of being ſtared at, which is the uſual Triumph and Diſtinction of a Town Lady. In Publick Aſſemblies you meet her careleſs Eye diverting it ſelf with the Objects around her, inſenſible that ſhe her ſelf is one of the brighteſt in the Place

Dulciſſa is of quite another Make, ſhe is almoſt a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were poſſible for her to her let Fan or any Limb about her reſt, ſhe would do ſome part of the Execution ſhe meditates; but tho' ſhe deſigns her ſelf a Prey ſhe will not ſtay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aſpects of *Dulciſſa* in half a Moment, where-ever ſhe appears: So little does ſhe accompliſh what ſhe takes ſo much Pains for, to be gay and careleſs.

Merab is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accompliſhments of Man. It is not to be doubted but ſhe has a great deal of Wit, if ſhe were not ſuch a Beauty, and ſhe would have more Beauty had ſhe not ſo much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If ſhe has a Mind to ſpeak ſuch a Thing, it muſt be done with ſuch an Air of her Body; and if ſhe has an Inclination to look very careleſs, there is ſuch a ſmart Thing to be ſaid at the ſame time, that the deſign of being admired deſtroys it ſelf. Thus the Unhappy *Merab*, tho' a Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, becauſe ſhe will always be both.

Albacinda has the Skill as well as Power of pleaſing. Her Form is majeſtick, but her Aſpect humble. All good Men ſhould beware of the Deſtroyer. She will ſpeak to you like your Siſter, till ſhe has you ſure, but is the moſt vexatious of Tyrants when you are ſo. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Queſtions, and general Converſation make the ſilly part of her Votaries full of hopes, while the wiſe fly from her Power. She well knows ſhe is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converſe with her, and therefore knows ſhe does not leſſen her ſelf by Familiarity, but gains occaſions of Admiration, by ſeeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

Endoſia

Eudoſia adds to the height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which ſtill diſtinguiſhes her above the reſt of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudoſia* it is commanding: Love towards *Eudoſia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are ſoften'd into Fondneſs, the Admirers of *Eudoſia* exalted into Ambition.

Eucratia preſents her ſelf to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleaſure, and as ſhe is Woman, her Praiſe is wholy Fæminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we ſhould give him Wiſdom and Valour, as being eſſential to the Character of Manhood. In like manner if you deſcribe a right Woman in a laudable Senſe, ſhe ſhould have gentle Softneſs, tender Fear, and all thoſe parts of Life, which diſtinguiſh her from the other Sex, with ſome Subordination to it, but ſuch an Inferiority that makes her ſtill more lovely. *Eudoſia* is that Creature; ſhe is all over Woman, Kindneſs is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Geſture, and whole Behaviour is truly Fæminine. A Goodneſs mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to uſe Art to gain her. Others are Beautiful, but *Eudoſia* thou art Beauty!

Omnamante is made for Deceit, ſhe has an Aſpect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrece*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra*. Her Face ſpeaks a Veſtal, but her Heart a *Meſſalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante*'s negligent unobſerving Air would believe that ſhe hid under that regardleſs Manner the witty Proſtitute, the repacious Wench, the prodigal Curtizan? She can, when ſhe pleaſes, adorn thoſe Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid: She can caſt down that pretty Face in Confuſion, while you rage with Jealouſie, and ſtorm at her Perfidiouſneſs; ſhe can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frighted, till you think your ſelf a Brute for your Rage, own your ſelf an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Preſents.

But I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauteous, which I deſign for the Inſtruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders, and ſhall end this Raptſody with mentioning what I thought was well enough ſaid of an Antient Sage to a Beautiful Youth, whom he ſaw admiring his own Figure in Braſs. What, ſaid the Philoſopher, could that Image of yours ſay for it ſelf if it could ſpeak? It might ſay, (anſwer'd the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful. And are not you aſham'd*, replyed the Cynick, *to value your ſelf upon that only of which a Piece of Braſs is capable*?

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of July, are to be ſold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-Houſe, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mrs. Treganey, near Eſſex-Street; Mrs. Boulter next the Roſe Tavern at Temple Bar; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate; Mr. Lloyd near the Church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard; Mr. Roundin Exchange Alley, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-lane; where alſo may be had the Months of March, April, May and June.

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